The other to enioy by rage and Warre.
Theſe ſignes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrimen are gone and fled,
As well aſſured *Richard* their King is dead.
Sal. Ah *Richard*! with eies of heauie mind,
I ſee thy glorie like a ſhooting ſtarre,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament,
Thy ſunne ſets, weeping in the lowly Weſt,
Witneſſing ſtormes to come, woe and vnreſt:
Thy friends are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And croſſely to thy good all fortune goes.

Enter the Duke of Herford, Yorke, Northumberland, Buſhie and Greene Priſoners.

Bul. Bring foorth theſe men.
Buſhie and *Greene*, I will not vexe your ſoules
Since preſently your ſoules muſt part your bodies,
With two much vrging your pernicious liues,
For t'were no charitie; yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold ſome cauſes of your death,
You haue miſ-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you vnhappied and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your ſinfull howres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the profeſſion of a Royall bed,
And ſtaind the beautie of a fayre Queenes cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eies with your foule wrongs,
My ſelfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neeere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till they did make him miſ-interpret me,
Haue ſtoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in forren clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment,
While you haue fedde vpon my ſeigniories,
Diſparkt my Parkes, and feld my forreſt woods,
From mine owne windowes torne my houſhold coate,
Rac't out my impreſſe, leauing me no ſigne,

Saue